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01x20 - The King of Babylon

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01x20 - The King of Babylon

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/21/01 23:26**

[We open with some oiled-up,musclebound, quite naked young man at a photo sh**t,wearing a crown and a velvet-and-ermine cape, and holdinga royal orb over the family jewels. The last shot finallyshows him on a poster, announcing the "King ofBabylon" contest. Cut to the poster on the frontdoor of the Liberty Diner, as two patrons enter. In thebackground, Debbie moves toward another poster in theback -- past The Boys sitting at the counter -- and slapsa big "Tonight" sticker on it.]

Debbie: Can you believe is a year already?

Justin: Since when?

Emmett: "King of Babylon Contest".

Michael: As always seems so a big deal. But a week laterno-one can remember one.

Ted: Angel Ascobar - 5' 10". 175", 28' waist, 9 inchcock and a birthmark in a shape of Placido Domingo in hisright eye.

Emmett: Wow, we give him attention.

Blake: Should I be jealous?

[Ted grins and gives him a sweet kiss. Mike and Emmettexchange a skeptical look.]

Emmett: I think I skip the desert.

Brian: Who cares about a bunch of steroid gym bunniesdancing around in their shorts, anyway?

Debbie: Considering you f*cked all last year contestants- you?

Justin: God, who did that?

Michael: Who wouldn't f*ck Brian?

Justin: No, I meant stripping in front of all of thosepeople?

Ted: For a $1000 bucks and a trip to the Bahamas? A lotof guys.

Emmett: Especially if they're on drugs -- please, they'lldo anything.

[Ted glares at Emmett. Emmett smiles tightly at Blake.]

Emmett: Ups, sorry.

[Later, The Boys -- plus Blakebut minus Justin -- walk to their respective homes/cars.]

Ted: Blake acknowledges his addiction, and he's workingon it.

Blake: I've been going to meetings at the g*y and LesbianCenter.

Emmett: My, my, my little budy be. So, we're up forBabylon?

Michael: I don't know. I don't think David's would gonnago, 'cause it's kinda late.

Brian: Does he already has his teeth on the glass bythen?

Michael: You are already know he gets up 6 o'clock in themorning and runs 5 miles while you're still in your bed.

Brian: I feel what's my best cardio workout.

Michael: I'm sure he would go when I'm wanted it.

Brian: Uh-huh.

Michael: It's true.

Brian: Alright, then make sure he's there.

Michael: Alright, I will.

Brian: OK.

Michael: OK.

Brian: Great!

Emmett: [to Ted] So, you're coming?

Ted: Well Babylon isn't exactly a drug-free environment.

Brian: Well, you know Blake's a big boy why you don't lethim decide?

Blake: I'm fine. Really.

Ted: We're in.

Emmett: Hurra! Only it's starting feel permamentlycouples night. And I'm the only single boy left.

Brian: Excuse me, what the f*ck you think I am?

[On cue, Justin runs up to Brian, grabs his arm]

Justin: Are we're gonna go to Babylon?

[Emmett busts up laughing. Brian pushes Emmett down thestreet.]

[David's home. David's bent overthe bed, folding laundry and putting it away. Mike comesout of the bathroom, brushing his teeth. Mike sayssomething unintelligible because of the toothpaste in hismouth.]

David: What?

[Mike scampers into the bathroom, spits, and thenscampers back out to repeat]

Michael: I said, those jeans are old and too tight. Howcome I've never seen them before?

David: I onlywear them when I don't have clean clothes.

Michael: Well, you must stop doing laundry, immediately.Hey, you feel like going out? Tonight is the King ofBabylon Contest.

David: Oh Michael, I'm too old for that sh*t.

Michael: No, you're not!

David: Yes, I am.

Michael: If the guys saw how incredibly sexy you look inthose jeans, they'd probably stop... [pauses]

David: What?

Michael: Nothing, never mind. I shouldn't say anything.

David: Nah, nah. What you're gonna say?

Michael: They'd probably stop making comments about adultdiapers and denture cream, and, uh, penile implants.

David: Penile implants?!

Michael: Hey, you said to yourself, you're too old forthat sh*t!

[Mike goes back to the bathroom to rinse. David takes alook at himself in the mirror, pulling up his shirt toshow cut abs and a nice tight waist]

[Meanwhile, back at Babylon, TheBoys plus Blake wait outside in the cold for Mike andDavid.]

Brian: I knew they wouldn't come. Michael giving the oldman probably a prostate massage.

Emmett: There were worst ways to spend a Saturday night.

Michael: Hey boys. Sorry, we're late. We had to wait forDavid's finished his thousand sit-ups.

[David stomps around in the cold, turning some, and weget a zoom-in shot of the ripped-up butt of his jeans.]

Emmett: Wow. David, you... you look great.

Brian: OK, enough of this. Let's go inside!

[Babylon!HDGBs in sailor sl*t regalia dance on a stage against abackground proclaiming, "King of Babylon,"while glitter falls on the crowds below.]

Ted: Let's have a drink, on me.

Brian: No, I think I check out the dance floor.

Emmett: Yeah, me too.

Justin: Same here.

Michael: Thanks anyway.

Blake: I guess I won't be winning any popularity conteststonight.

Ted: Is not your problem. It's theirs. C'mon.

[Ted tries to lead Blake to the bar, but Blake's stoppedby a taller, floppy-haired guy.]

Guy: Hey, dude.

Blake: How's goin'?

Guy: I haven't seen you around.

Blake: I've been away.

Guy: Welcome back. Need a favor?

Blake: No, thanks.

Ted: Who's that?

Blake: Nobody. My dealer. Ex-dealer.

Ted: I knows we shouldn't have come here.

Blake: It's ok. I'm okay. Look, you have to trust me, OK?

Ted: I do. Let's dance.

[In the middle of the melee, an announcement comes overthe loudspeaker.]

Loudspeaker: Gentlemen and gentleman, welcome our hostessour hostess for the evining, her royal ruthless Sheba,Queen of Babylon.

[A fierce drag queen, dressed in the finest of Cleopatracostumes enters, borne on a litter carried by fourloinclothed HDGBs. She stumbles out of the chariot,almost falling.]

Sheba: Gotta make sure that my royal t*ts are intact.Alright boys. Go away. Go away now -- go play withyourselves.

[The crowd roars with laughter.]

Sheba: Welcome to the 47th Annual Academy Award... ups,wrong show. Welcome to the King of Babylon contest wherethe competition is stiff, and so are the contestants! Butdon't wrapped up boys, you can still sign up to drop trouand win a thou. Alright our first contestant isFour-Alarm Fred -- he'll light your fire and put it out.

[She makes way for a professional dancer dressed as afireman. The camera cuts back and forth between hisslo-mo striptease and the frenzied crowd. On the otherside of the dance floor.]

Brian: Shaved chest, pec implants, steroids, Hair Clubfor Men.

Justin: Yeah it's sad, isn't it. All these older guys,still partying way past their prime. They don't know whento stop. So, how about the real thing?

Brian: Check back with me in an

hour.

Justin: What? So, I'm a backup plan? Who you do when allelse fails?

Brian: How many times I have to tell you, we're not acouple. Michael and David are a couple. Lindsay andMelanie are a couple. Ted and what's his name are acouple.

Justin: Yeah, what are we?

Brian: I don't know about you, but I'm single.

[He saunters off, leaving Justin simmering. Cut back toFour-Alarm Fred, turned around and pulling off hisjockstrap.]

[A mall restroom. Vic enters andwalks up to one of the urinals. He starts to pee, andthen another guy walks up and takes the urinal right nextto him, even though there are, like, three othersavailable.]

Man: Hey.

Vic: Hello.

[Vic checks the guy out, and notices that he's sort of,uh, rubbing his d*ck. Vic turns back to his own urinal.]

Man: So, what are you do?

Vic: Well I'm into shopping, dinner, and a movie. The newJulia Roberts and his lover.

Man: You're... wanna do something?

Vic: Sorry, but public restrooms aren't my scene.

Man: But how about we go something place else?

[Vic just kind of looks at him and doesn't say anything.]

[Meanwhile, back at Babylon,Emmett wanders aimlessly through the crowd.]

Emmett: [v-o] "My God, it's so loud in here, you canbarely hear yourself think!" [The music quiets down]"Oh. That's better. Why I'm insist to come here?It's always the same. Guys who interested in me, but I'mnot interested on them. The ones who I'm interestedaren't interested in me."

[And then the crowds part, revealing, at the end, a youngman with Emmett's same build, but a floppier haircut.Suddenly, the music dies down, and is replaced by theinstrumental version of "Maria" from the Tonyand Maria meet-and-greet scene in West Side Story. Emmettand his doppelganger draw closer, hardly believing theireyes. The lights dim; they lean in, they lean away. Theyturn their backs on each other and then turn aroundagain. They even extend they arms and snap their fingers.The music comes back on, and we're back in Babylon, whileEmmett and his doppelganger admire each other in awe.]

Sheba: Gentleman and gentleman, contestant number 2:Officer O'Reilly - Pretty arresting, don't you think?Officer, I just got a parking ticket -- strip-search me!

[Meanwhile, back at the bar]

David: The problem with this contest is that it exposesthe single most tragic flaw of g*y culture.

Brian: Exposes are a lot more than that, doc.

David: An almost pathological obsession with youth,beauty, and smooth, muscular bodies.

Brian: I know. What a shame!

David: Until we break free of our stunted adolescence andour superficial values, we'll always be

boys, never men.

Brian: Is that all?

Michael: I have find what David say about profoundlyinsightful.

Brian: I find it's profoundly full of sh*t. An opinionput forth as truth by a bunch of hypocritical, jealous,guilt-ridden, self-loathing, middle-aged,sexually-frustrated, pseudo-intellectual f*gs who wishthey were straight.

[David laughs at Brian. Michael glares at Brian.Babylon's only black patron dances on.]

David: So, why don't you sign up?

Brian: Cause I don't need to dance in underwear to getlaid.

David: Or maybe you can't handle the competition.

[Brian saunters away. Michael looks like he's worried,but he doesn't know why.]

Michael: Oh my god, he's gonna sign up.

David: No way.

Michael: He is.

Sheba: Our next contestant is Mohammed. He's a masteryoga instructor from Rick's Gym. He can performauto-fellatio -- what the f*ck's that? If that's giving ablow job in your car, then I'm a master, too!

[Mohammed is dressed like a Buddhist monk -- but not forlong. He rips off his skirt and twirls around the pole.Sheba leaves the backstage area, one of her minionslights her cigarette]

Sheba: sh*t, this flowers are wilting. I get tomorrow acontest on BoyToy. Why the long face, sweetheart?

Justin: Nothing. - This guy.

Sheba: Aren't they always? So, what did this guy do?

Justin: He takes me for granted.

Sheba: Somebody looks like you can anybody got he wants.

Justin: I know. That parts I find so irritating!

Sheba: Maybe he needs to know it. Maybe everyone needs toknow it.

[Liberty Diner. The drag queenworking the counter.]

Dragqueen: Hey Deb! Telephon! It's your brother.

Debbie: Hey Vic, what's up, honey?

Vic: Don't panic. I've been arrested.

Debbie: What?!

Vic: I said don't panic! And don't tell anybody, nobody.Not even Michael.

Debbie: What happened?

Vic: I was in the mall and I went to pee.

Debbie: What did they charge you with, not flushing?

Vic: Indecent exposure.

Debbie: Indecent ex...? What the hell are you doin'?

Vic: I didn't do anything, sis, I swear. Can you comedown? I'm on the station on Liberty and Grand.

Debbie: I leaving right now. Stay calm!

Vic: Can you bring my meds? I should have taking them ahour ago.

Debbie: Yeah, don't worry. Don't worry about anything.

[Babylon! Emmett and True LoveGuy are still standing in the middle of the dance floor,staring at each other, transfixed. Classical music.]

Emmett: I can't explain it. It's like we've known eachother...

Guy: ...all of our lives.

Emmett: Exactly. It's like I've been waiting for you.

Guy: And I've been waiting for you.

Emmett: Two halves of the same soul --

Guy: ...that have finally met.

Emmett: It's wild. Look, I know this is rather forward ofme -- I mean, I realize that we just met -- but would youmind, that is? If I...?

Guy: Go right ahead.

[They kiss. And then, Quick Flash to the Back Room ofSex, where True Love Guy is getting the ultimate blow jobfrom Emmett. TLG finally comes, screaming, eyes crossed,yada yada. Other people in the Backroom of Sex applaudtheir performance, and then go back to their respectivehotgaymalesex acts. Emmett gets off his knees and,delicately wiping the corners of his mouth.]

Emmett: Was that all right, my love?

Guy: It was like Christmas, and New Year's, and mybirthday all rolled up into one.

Emmett: Not the Fourth of July?

Guy: Well, I'm saving that for you!

[And throws Emmett against the wall. Back at the bar, TheBoys continuing watching as everyone else gets theirgroove things on.]

Blake: I'll be right back.

Ted: Where you goin'?

Blake: Bathroom.

Michael: Think it's a good idea to let him go alone

Ted: Would you like me to hold it for him?

Michael: No, I mean after what happened last time.

Ted: It's called trust.

Brian: Yeah, you can trust that he'll end up in theEmergency Room.

Ted: Maybe he won't. Maybe he'll disappoint you both.Maybe he'll actually be all right.

[Brian throws an arm around Ted's neck, leans in]

Brian: When you were a boy, did you save the birds withthe broken wings?

Ted: What did you do, tear them off?

[Emmett walks up with the guy introduces him.]

Emmett: Everybody, I want you to meet a very specialsomeone.

Guy: I'm Brent.

[The Boys say hi]

Michael: Anyone who's special to Emmett is special to us.

Brent: Who?

Emmett: That's me.

[The Boys grin, because this is just getting better andbetter.]

David: How long did you know each other?

Emmett: In this lifetime, only a brief while. But Ibelieve that in past lives, we've known each other manytimes. before, don't you?

Brent: It's the only explanation for how we could have somuch in common.

Emmett: You can't believe it! We're both loved Brad Pitt!

Brent: Clinique for Men.

Together: Especially when they're having a sale.

Emmett: Green onion potato chips.

Brent: And the same favorite song, "Somewhere OutThere.

Brian: Now that on candy.

Michael: Come and have a drink with us.

[Ted starts to stew.]

Michaek: Hey, what's up? What's the problem?

Ted: Emmett know some people for 15 minutes, he'spractically a frat-brother. To Blake you can't barelyspeak to each other.

Michael: Maybe that's because I don't know what to say.'So, I hear you almost k*lled my friend. So, you passedout on the bathroom floor, you wanna be buds?'

Ted: I ever thoughed that if anyone would have give him achance, you would.

[The Happy Fun House(R). Thedoorbell rings, and Melanie makes her way down the stairsto answer it. It's Debbie, frantic.]

Mel: What's the matter?

Debbie: I've been calling but there was no answer.

Mel: We turn the phone off cause it wakes Gus.

Debbie: I'm sorry by coming so late. Vic's in jail.

Lindsay: What?

Debbie: He said, he goin to the mall and went to the mensroom. The next thing is they arrested him for Indecentexposure.

Lindsay: Indecent exposure?

Debbie: Yeah, he sweers he didn't do anything. But heneeds a lawyer and I didn't know...

Mel: No, it's okay. I gonna go get dressed.

Lindsay: Well, if he didn't do anything wrong, why didthey arrest him?

Mel: It's harassment of g*y people. Cops just likeplaying 'capture the f*g.'

Debbie: [to Linds] What you saying? Vic did something?

Lindsay: I'm just asking.

Debbie: I'm telling you. I know my own brother. And it'scrap!

Mel: It's gonna be OK. I'm gonna go dressed. When I'mback we're move on.

[Babylon! The Boys have moved toone of the upper balconies, still watching everyone elsehave a life. Justin sidles up to Brian.]

Justin: You said to check back with you in an hour.

Brian: I still have eight minutes left.

[Justin follows Brian's gaze down to a guy on the dancefloor -- wearing a t-shirt that says "Dreamboy"-- with whom he is exchanging The Look of h*m*.]

Justin: He has zits on his a*s, a tragic endowment, andis just getting over a nasty case of gonorrhea.

Brian: Hu-huh.

Justin: Well, if I were you, I wouldn't wait too long. By then I might have other plans.

[And he stomps off.]
[The restroom. Blake's washing his hands, as Dino leans against the wall nearby.]

Dino: So, what's with you, anyway?

Blake: Nothing.

Dino: Who's your "friend"?

Blake: Nobody.

Dino: Looks pretty tight to me. How come you didn'tintroduce us?

Blake: He wouldn't like you.

Dino: Even if I offered him a 'favor'?

Blake: He'll not interested in any of your favors.

[The dealer pulls out a small baggie of something and thescreen does that swoosh-flash thing as Blake stares atit.]

Dino: Great stuff. Great price.

Blake: I told you, I'm not interested.

[Blake's about to head up the stairs to join the boyswhen Ted, waiting at the bottom of the stairs, grabs hisarm.]

Blake: What are you doin?

Ted: What it looks like? Order outside the mensroom.

Blake: Did you come and check up for me?

Ted: Of course not! It's seem to me to see the cutestguys here.

Blake: Cause I told you, I'm fine.

[The dealer walks out and in between them, giving Blake aknowing look.]

Ted: I know.

Blake: C'mon, let's go and find the others.

Ted: I'm not. I rather be alone with you.

[Back onthe stage, Sheba has changed into Marilyn Monroe's dressfrom The Seven Year Itch.]

Sheba: Gentleman prefers blond and this blond prefersgentleman in leathers. A big hand for Dwayne.

[He's dressed as a biker. Professional dancer, hot, bothnipples pierced. Emmett and Brent walk through the crowd,to the tune of "Dance of the SugarplumFairies."]

Emmett: I always dreamed about living in a littlecottage.

Brent: With a little garden out back?

Emmett: Where I can grow lavender and daffodils, and weara big sun bonnet...that ties under the chin.

Brent: And we cook gourmet meals...

Emmett: Season with our very own vegetable.

Brent: And in snowy evenings we're snuggling in front ofthe fire.

Emmett: And in the summer, and we're take a long, lazywalks on a sun covered country-lane.

Brent: It's heaven.

Emmett: Blizz.

Brent: I'll be right back. Don't go away.

Emmett: I'll be waiting, right here.

[Brent kisses him and takes off.]

[Back atthe bar, Mike's clapping along to the music, but David'sbored.]

David: You've had enough pulsating, grinding flesh forone evening?

Michael: I'm ready to go when you are.

Brian: No, you can't leave yet. You'll miss my bignumber.

Michael: Alright, like you really gonna through it.

Brian: Well if you leave now you'll never know.

[Onstage, Sheba waves goodbye to Dwayne]

Sheba: If Dwayne becomes King, he'll be the ruler bywhich all others are measured. And I oughta know -- Imeasured him myself. Our next contestant likes youngermen. His favorite pastime is feeling superior, and hisspecial skill is manipulating people.

David: [to Brian] Must be you.

Sheba: Let's put our hands together for Pittsburgh'shunkiest chiropractor, Dr. David Cameron!

[David's shocked.]

David: You as*h*le!

Sheba: Dr.Cameron!

Michael: I thoughed you signing off yourself.

Brian: Now, why would I do that? You know I find thisobsession with youth and abs and sex so appalling.

Michael: You don't have to go up there.

David: Believe me, I have no intention.

Michael: Thank God. You don't want to make a fool ofyourself, dancing around in your underwear, at your age.

Brian: Don't worry, Doc, it's just a joke.

David: You think I can't do it? At my age?

Sheba: Pageing Dr.Cameron!

[Finally David shrugs at Michael and heads out to thestage. David gingerly approaches the pole, but starts toget into it as he unbuttons his shirt. Michael folds hisarms tight across his chest, about to burst into flames.Brian and the crowd love it. David even rips off hisundershirt. Michael is very, very upset. David unbuttonshis jeans, turns around, and drops 'em.]

[The Police Station.]

Mel: Excuse me, Sergeant. We're here to searching for...

Debbie: Victor Grassi.

Cop: Oh, I'm sorry you have to come back later, he'sstill being processed.

Debbie: But I'm his sister.

Mel: And I'm Mr.Grassi's attorney. Can you please tellhow much bail is set out?

Cop: $5,000.

Mel: What?

Debbie: 5.000?

Mel: Isn't that high for a first offense?

Cop: Says here he's got previous arrest.

Mel: For what?

Cop: For possession of an ill*gal substance.

Debbie: He was pulled over. It was ten years ago. Therewas a joint in the glove compartment. It wasn't even his!

Mel: Why didn'tyou say something?

Debbie: Because even when we are kids he never squealedon me.

Debbie: Look, officer, my brother is very sick. He got totake his meds.

Cop: What's wrong with him?

Debbie: He is HIV-positive.

Cop: Oh. Figures.

Mel: Excuse me?

Cop: No drugs allowed in the holding cell, until theprison doctor can examin him.

Debbie: But these are prescribtion medications. His lifedepends on it.

Cop: If he's so sick, what was he doing hanging out inthe public men's restroom?

Debbie: Taking a piss!

[The cop shakes his head and turns back to his paperwork.Melanie leads Debbie away.]

[Babylon! David, sans shirt,walks back to the bar, followed by a bevy of HDGBs tryingto give him their phone numbers. David's loving it. Mikestomps up, rips the pieces of paper out of their hands.]

Michael: Do you mind?! He's already taken! I suppose yourplease to yourself. Wipe that grin off your face, and putyour shirt on! I don't want to hear another word!

[He grabs him by the ear, and leads him off the dancefloor. Meanwhile, Emmett's wandering around looking forBrent, and Justin's wandering around looking for Brian.Justin sees Brian talking to Dreamboy. Justin's littleheart just breaks. Justin finds Sheba, dressed like QueenElizabeth and conveniently standing right behind him, andwhispers something in her ear. Sheba goes back onstage.]

Sheba: May I have your attention, boys and boys? The nextcontestant loves the Powerpuff Girls, margaritas, andolder men who take him for granted. Here is Justin!

[He has taken off his shirt and grabbed a cowboy hat anda tattered vest. Brian and Dreamboy are both

fascinatedby this display. Mike looks scared. Ted's shocked. Emmettcheers Justin on. Brian sees that Dreamboy is all intoJustin, so Brian kisses Dreamboy to regain his attention.Dreamboy kisses Brian back, but keeps his eyes open sothat he can look at Justin. Justin's watching them, too.]

Music:

Carole Pope

High School Confidential

#He's a cool blonde scheming trick

You want him so much you feel sick

The boy can't help it

He really can't help it now

Teenage Brandos stalk him in the halls

They tease him with cat calls

He's a combination Tom Cruise / Zack O'Tool

High school high school confidential

High school high school confidential

[Brian tries to drag Dreamboy off, but Dreamboy wants tostay and watch.]

#What's that man doing with him?

It's that guy and he's screwing with him

Can you feel the sexy sweat?

He makes you cream your jeans so you won't forget

High school high school confidential

High school high school confidential

He drives a loaded jeep with seats in the back

If you don't do him soon you'll have a heart attack

When he flashes you a look

You wanna burn his books

Give up high school

Well well well well

High school high school confidential

High school high school confidential

High school high school confidential

High school high school confidential

[Emmettwalks up to a lower landing on the stairs, which is whereBrent finds him.]

Emmett: Where were you? I starting to worried.

Brent: Sorry. I got hung up.

Emmett: That's okay; it gave me more time to miss you.And be even happier, now that you're back.

[Emmett leans in for a kiss and then pauses]

Emmett: Is that cologne?

Brent: I guess so.

Emmett: Oh, I don't remember you ever wearing cologne.

Brent: I just started.

Emmett: Is everything alright? You seem a little distant.

Brent: Everything's fine.

[Emmett grabs Brent's hand and tries to turn back totheir cottage fantasy, but Brent stops him.]

Emmett: So, where were we? Oh, cute little cottage.

Brent: No, wait. I can't lie to you. We've meant too muchto each other for that. I've met someone new.

Emmett: Who? We've only been together an hour andforty-five minutes!

Brent: Look, I didn't mean for it to happen. I swear, Inever meant to hurt you.

[Emmett runs away from him, trying not to cry. Backonstage, Justin's finally finished, and soaks up theapplause.]

[Meanwhile,Brent chases Emmett outside.]

Emmett: How could you do this to me?! To us? After allthat we've shared?

Brent: Please, don't make this harder than it has to be.

Emmett: You said that you've never felt so close toanyone in your whole life. That we were two halves

of thesame soul!

Brent: Things change. People change.

Emmett: I haven't changed! I still love you.

Brent: In time a passion dies. You just have to accept itand move on.

Emmett: Fine! Go! Move on! Who's stopping ya?

Brent: I'll remember you. Always.

Emmett: Yeah, how long is that? Until tomorrow? I gaveyou the best minutes of my life!

[And then he saunters off, in grand Barbra style.]

[Police Station. Debbie walks upto the desk sergeant again.]

Debbie: So, you got the nightshift, sergeant? I did thesame thing at the diner. Midnight to eight and inaddition from eight to four. Sixteen hours straight. Ihelp to pay for my brothers medical bills. But you dothat, you know, when someone in your family is sick. Isanybody in your family who needs attention?

Cop: My sister's a diabetic. She got it when she wasabout 10.

Debbie: Yes? How's she doin'?

Cop: They cut her leg off a few years ago. Now she'slosing her sight.

Debbie: So, I imagine you'd swim the English Channel tobe there for her, huh?

Cop: Actually, we don't see muchof each other. We never really got along. Now, do youmind? I'm trying to work here.

[Debbiedrops a packet of meds on the desk.]

Debbie: It's a few pills. It's a few f*ck' pills!

[Melanie gently pulls her away from the desk.]

Debbie: How the hell we're getting $5000?

[Back at Babylon, Sheba onceagain takes the stage, in order to announce the winner.]

Sheba: I believe we have a winner. Everybody down on yourknees where I know you all want to be for the new King ofBabylon. His royal highness... Justin!

[Dreamboy cheers. Brian frowns in disbelief as Justin iscrowned. Sheba gives him a big hug]

Sheba: [whispers to Justin] Now, whoever that as*h*le iswho's been ignoring you, he's not taking you for grantedanymore.

[Justin makes his way back to Brian and Dreamboy]

Justin: Did you see me?

Brian: Yeah, I saw you.

Justin: Well?

Brian: I think that contest was rigged.

Dreamboy: You known him?

Brian: I taught him everything he knows.

Justin: Except how to dance.

[Brian takes the burn, and Dreamboy lustfully gazes atJustin.]

Justin: [to Dreamboy]: So, what's your name? I'd ask him,but I'm sure he doesn't know.

Dreamboy: Sean.

Justin: You're hot. I was watching you...

Dreamboy: You were?

Justin: It made me want to f*ck all night.

[Brian looks back and forth between the two of them,seriously not believing this is happening.]

Justin: Wanna get outta here?

Dreamboy: You're leave.

Brian: I thought we had plans.

Justin: [laughs] You couldn't do better, and I told you Imight have plans, too.

Dreamboy: What's his problem?

Justin: He's just my stalker.

Dreamboy: I suppose we could have a threeway. Only, he iskind of old.

Justin: We're also kind of leaving.

[Back on the dance floor, David has somehow gotten awayfrom Michael, and is continuing his well-loathed,hypocritical ways by dancing with not one but two sweatyHDGBs. Mike finds him.]

Michael: Excuse me? An hour ago, weren't you the one whowas tired of all this pulsating flesh and wanted to gohome?

David: What's the rush?

Michael: No rush. I just thoughed you didn't approved.All the misplaced emphasis...

Davod: Well, maybe I was being a little judgmental.

Michael: Try hit hypocritical.

David: Now, who's being judgmental?

Michael: Just be honest. Don't judge someone forsomething you wish you could do, but never had the guts.I'm goin' home.

[Mike stomps away, past Ted and Blake.]

Blake: There is Michael.

Ted: So?

Blake: So? You haven't see you all night. Don't youwanna...?

Ted: I already told you, I'd rather be with you.

Blake: I know. But it's some sort of...

Ted: What?

Blake: ...problem that account on me?

Ted: Of course not.

Blake: But if there is I don't wanna come between you andyour friends.

Ted: You're not. Even if you were it wouldn't matter.

Blake: Look, don't say that. I don't wanna do anything tohurt you. If I caused trouble with your friends...

Ted: If a friend of mine has a problem with you, all itmeans is that he was never my friend to begin with.

[He and Blake give each other a bigrelationship-affirming hug. Brian, on the other hand, istrying to affirm something else. He goes downstairs tothe Back Room of Sex. He watches Justin and Sean go at itunder the stairs. The King is dead, all hail the King. Atleast Brian can say he f*cked this year's winner.]

[Outside the club, Mike's pullingon his gloves when Melanie and Debbie come running up.]

Debbie: Michael!

Michael: Mom, Melanie, what are you doin' here?

Mel: Where is Brian?

[They goback inside the club; Debbie explains the situation]

Debbie: I was hoping maybe you can help.

Brian: I would Debbie, but I can't rop a bank on saturdaynight.

Debbie: Maybe credit cards?

Michael: Well, the maximum withdrawal at an ATM is $500.

David: I can cover it, if they take a check.

Mel: Only if it's certified.

Debbie: sh*t! Could they make this more f*ck?!

Mel: OK, we can call a bail bondsman.

[Blake runs off to find Dino. He confers with him for amoment, and then goes back to the group. Blake handsMelanie Marcus a card.]

Blake: If you call this number, mention this guys name.They put up the bail for you.

Ted: What was that all about?

Blake: I'm asking him for a favor.

Debbie: Thank you. Oh, thank you, um?

Blake: Blake.

Debbie: Blake. Thank you, Blake. I'm Debbie. Oh, thankyou. [to Ted] It's some friend you've got.

Ted: Yeah, I like to think so.

Debbie: Oh thank you. Where did you find him?

Ted: It's a long story, Deb.

Michael: [to Blake] Thanks.

Blake: No problem.

Michael: I'm sorry if I'm been... shitty.

Blake: It's because you care about Ted. So do I.

[Mike gives Blake a hug.]

Ted: I miss something?

Michael: No.

Blake: No. Nothing.

Mel: OK, we're all set. Let's go.

Debbie: Thanks again.

[The Station. Vic's released, butis pretty humiliated when he sees Mike and Melanie withDebbie.]

Vic: Jesus Christ, I told you not to tell.

Michael: There is nothing to be ashamed of, Uncle Vic.We're know you're innocent.

Vic: I just wannago home. Can we please go home?

Debbie: I take you home right now. First I want you totake your meds. I trying to get you the meds all night.

Vic: It's allright. The desk sergegant gave me my pills.

[David's home.]

David: I don't think I ever seen you so jealous.

Michael: I am not jealous. How would you feel if yourboyfriend was being ogled by every f*g in town?

David: So happens he is.

Michael: Oh, I am, yes.

David: Constantly.Only you'll never noticed.

Michael: Oh, yeah, that's my problem. Faulty gaydar.

David: Lucky for me.

Michael: So, you're proving how hot you are, even at yourage, I'm suppose you gonna goin' partying every night.

David: Not every night, but it was nice to get theattention. To know I'm still attractive. I must admit,hot young men with smooth muscular bodies have theircertain appeal. But there are other things: work, my son,and you.

Michael: So, hang these jeans up until next laundry dayand doin' a little dance for me?

[He does it for Michael.]

[The next morning at the LibertyDiner, the boys plus Blake share a booth.]

Brian: This coffee is for sh*t.

Michael: So, Justin's the new King of Babylon.

Emmett: So, the cub caught the lion's prey. Hmmm.

Ted: So, even though you like to rest on your laurels,secure in your position of power, now you know they'resnapping at your heels. So, now you'll have to runfaster, and faster...

Brian: Can you pass the f*cking sugar?!

Emmett: You should be proud if it. Like father, like son.

[Ted looks up.]

Ted: Isn't that Brent?

Brian: Who's Brent?

Michael: Emmett's old flame.

Emmett: Must be with his new love.

[Emmett summons up the courage to walk over. Brent meetshim halfway.]

Emmett: A long time.

Brent: I thought of you. Often.

Emmett: You look good.

Brent: You, too. You've seen anyone?

Emmett: Not really. You?

Brent: We just met.

Emmett: So, you'll be free tonight?

Brent: Probably. Would you...?

Emmett: Don't. We can't go back. I prefer to remember[brushing a hand across Brent's forehead] The Way WeWere.

[Emmett walks to the bathroom, as Justin takes his placeat the booth, to the applause of his friends. Brian,studiously reading the paper.]

Justin: What a night!

Brian: So, how was he?

Justin: He had the greatest a*s. I brought him back and Ifucked him all night. My d*ck's going to be sore for aweek.

Brian: That's enough.

Michael: Actually, I like to hear more.

Ted: Speak slowly and e-nun-ci-ate.

Justin: He had a great head. He wanted me to f*ck himwith my crown on. It's gonna kinky. After a while, he gotreally clingy. He wanted to know when he could see meagain.

Brian: So, what did you tell him?

Justin: I told him that he could see me in his dreams.

[Emmett walks up to them with another poster]

Emmett: So, who's up for the Absolute Abs Contest?

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